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THE
MOUSE-TRAP,
A
POEM.

Pickering
June 4, 1913

THE

MOUSE-TRAP,

A

POEM.

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THE

Moule-Trap,

A

POEM:

Written in LATIN

By Mr. E. HOLDSWORTH, of Magd. Coll. Oxon.

UNIVERSITY LIBRARY CAMBRIDGE 27 MY 1913

Done into ENGLISH

By *JOHN QUINCY.*

The SECOND Edition:

Whereunto are added

Some short REMARKS upon a *Translation* of this POEM, lately done by Mr. SAMUEL COBB, M. A. and late of *Trinity-Colledge, Cambridge.*

LONDON:

Printed for J. PHILLIPS, at the *Black Bull* in *Cornhill*; and J. BAKER, at the *Black-Boy* in *Pater-noster-Row.*

MDCCXIV.

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Moule-Trap,

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By M. T. HOLDSWORTH, of Magd.
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The DEDICATION.

TO

ROBERT LLOYD, Esq;

Fellow-Commoner of *Magdalen-Colledge* in *Oxford*.

SIR,

SINCE my MUSCIPULA, which was design'd, purely for the Destruction of Mice, has prov'd a Detriment to my self, as coming into the World full of other Mens Faults; I thought it proper to give these Trifles, such as they are, a New

of

New Edition, rather than be answerable for the Printer's Errors, as well as my Own.

But I am afraid of being censur'd for taking more than a *Poetical Licence*, in attempting to Adorn this Piece with Your Name; because some angry and touchy Persons may be apt to think it no advantageous Compliment to Your Countrymen. Were this to be allowed, I should have a very mean Opinion of my self, in daring to cast Reflexions on so brave a Nation; nor can the Character You bear, receive them as such. This ludicrous Performance is of too light a Nature ever to detract any thing from the Fame of the *True Britons*, or draw a serious Censure on the Author.

I must confess, that I have taken a low Subject on a People so deserving Commendation, who could furnish more noble Images for an *Epic Poem*, rather than ridiculous Materials for a Verse of this kind. Besides, as the famous Actions of

of the *Welch-Men* were by no means suitable for a jocular Muse, it were unjust to lessen them in the *Latin* Tongue, since they could not be expresst more properly in any Language than in that, which the *Heroes* themselves us'd to speak in. I have only this to say in my Defence, (since some will think that I stand in need of an Excuse) that I had no other Design in view, than to vindicate, what is with just Reason celebrated, the Dignity of Your most Ancient Nation.

Greece has long ago clandestinely arrogated what Honours she possibly could to her self; and not contented to have translated *Astronomy* from the *Chaldeans*, *Letters* from the *Phœnicians*, nay, their very *Jupiter* from the *Cretans*, was arriv'd to that pitch of Boldness, and so ambitious to compleat her Pile of Glory, as to attribute to her sole Wit that consummate Invention of a MOUSE-TRAP. What True-born *Briton* can patiently endure to hear such a recent Author as HOMER, who

who is suppos'd to have written but Three Thousand Years ago at the farthest, ascribe this stupendious Engine to the Brain of a Modern Artist, when it is matter of Fact that it ow'd its Original to the Ingenuity of the *Welch*, who liv'd many hundred Years before he was thought of: For this very Reason, I judg'd it high time to take the part of your Nation, that the *Greeks* might not pretend to vye with the *Welsh* for Antiquity, nor HOMER's Engineer rob your TAFFY of his undoubted claim to so commendable an Invention.

But since Your Country-men, *Dear School-fellow*, have been so famous for their many glorious Exploits, you need not wonder if I am at a loss how to set Your Merits in a convenient Light. For in You, the Virtues of Your Country, and your Race are so ambiguously interwoven, that it is hard to tell whether You bring more Splendor to your Family or your Nation. You have derived from your Ancestors a confirm'd Love to defend the Right of Your

Coun-

Country, an honourable Reſolution to vindicate the Laws, and a Pious Fortitude to preſerve the Dignity of the pureſt CHURCH. And what cannot WALES promiſe to her ſelf, when with Delight ſhe beholds ſo forward a *Genius* increaſing daily in Glory; and our MAGDALEN with happy Influence promoting the Seeds of ſuch extraordinary Virtues?

When hereafter Your Judgment is arriv'd to Maturity, and my poor Praiſes ſhall make no Figure among the louder Applauſes of Your Friends; diſdain not ſometimes to give a kind Look on this little Pledge of mutual Friendſhip: And be not altogether unmindful either of me, or,

Aetæ non alio Rege Puer'tiæ.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt oblig'd,

and moſt obedient Servant,

Magd. Coll. Oxon. 1709.

E. HOLDSWORTH.

THE *TRANSLATOR*'s PREFACE.

BECAUSE I think it concerns me to make some Apology for being at the Pains of a Reviſal and Second Edition of ſuch a Trifle as this may, by ſome, appear to be, I hope the following Reaſons may be thought ſufficient.

The firſt Tranſlation I made of this Poem, was meerly upon a Provocation ariſing from ſome Diſpute about the *Muſcipula*, concerning the Senſe of ſome Paſſages in

in it, and the Nature of that kind of Writing in General; and was not done with the leaſt Intention of Publiſhing: but it ſo happening to be better liked of than was expected, it was hurried into the Preſs too haſtily to give Time either for Correction, or waiting for a genuine Edition of the Latin; for the Preſs lay then ſo ſcandalouſly open to Pyracies, that it was not eaſy in ſome Things that ran well (as the *Bookſellers* term it) to diſcover true from ſurreptitious Impreſſions, by which means mine came out not only a very faulty Tranſlation, but alſo a Tranſlation of a faulty Copy, as it afterwards appeared by that publiſhed under Mr. *Holdſworth's* Name: which alſo by the Way, I deſire the Reader to take as a Reaſon why this differs ſo very much from the Former. That Deſire therefore which every one hath of appearing with as few Faults as poſſible, has been no ſmall Motive with me in this Matter, truſting that what Miſtakes eſcaped in the other, will be found corrected in this.

The *Bookſeller's* Encouragement alſo by the Former, even with all its Faults, and his long preſſing for another Edition, has herein had it's Share.

But the greateſt Motive of all, I muſt confeſs, ariſes from a very different Cauſe, for I cannot but own my ſelf more than a little diſturbed at a Tranſlation, done ſince my firſt Edition, by Mr. *Samuel Cobb*, which I hear is pretended to be the only One (for many have attempted it) which has juſtly taken the Senſe of the Author.

Although I have ſo little Buſineſs or Pretenſions in this way of Writing, that I have no Reputation to loſe by being found a bad Poet: yet ſuch I find is the Pride of my Heart, that it will not let me give it up to Mr. *Cobb*, (who, as he is a profeſs'd Stager in Rhime, ought to have perform'd it a great deal better,) to have acquitted himſelf any thing better herein: and as upon a Reviſal of my former, I diſcerned a great many things which I thought it in my Power to mend, I have not been able to deny my ſelf this

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publick Appeal to the Determination of ſuch who have any Leiſure and Inclination to Entertain themſelves with ſuch kind of Trifles; as alſo of taking this Opportunity of charging my Competitor, with having offended in ſeveral Inſtances againſt the principal Rules of Tranſlation; in Remarking of which, I ſhall not take notice of all that his Work affords, becauſe I would not be thought to be at more Pains than needful in Matters of ſuch light Concern.

The two following Rules ſtand good by the Suffrage of all who have given their Thoughts upon this Head, 1. Never to add any thing to an Author, or make the Tranſlation ſpeak any thing which the Original does not; nay, although it be never ſo much to the Purpoſe. 2. Always to expreſs the Original in as few Words as is conſiſtent with Perſpicuity.

Againſt the firſt, Mr. *Cobb* has offended in his very ſecond Line;

And like Saturnian Jove *with Goats Milk fed.*

which

which is no where in the *Muſcipula*, nor does it appear to have been ſo much as in his Author's Thoughts; and muſt therefore be owing to an injudicious Luxuriancy of Expreſſion, or to his not being able to fill up his Meaſure and Rhime out of that Senſe which his Author had ſupplied him with; and to paſs over, for Shortneſs ſake, a great many of the like nature; for the laſt Line

Et cingunt viridi redolentia Tempora porro

He puts,

And tho' no conquering Bays ſhe can beſtow,
Yet fragrant Leeks ſhall for thy Brows inſtead
of Laurel grow.

Againſt the latter Rule almoſt the whole Poem tranſgreſſes, five or ſix Lines being frequently made uſe of, to expreſs what his Author does with much more Clearneſs and Strength in two or three. The very firſt eight Lines are drawn out into double the Number, whereby not only the Sence is diluted and weak'ned, but alſo thereby render'd more obſcure. With

With Submiſſion alſo I think Mr. *Cobb* juſtly chargeable with a great many Expreſſions very forced and unpoetical, as *Wiry Houſe*; *incag'd a MOUSE*; *outgeneral'd*; *Cambrian Ire*; *Smelt the Sentry's Face*; *lorded Cheeſe*; and the like. Inſtances alſo may be given wherein, although he does not altogether miſs his Author's Senſe, yet his Poetry is vaſtly unequal to it; as

------ *Nam Cambris prona furori*
Corda calent, ſubitâque igneſcunt Pectora Bile,
Cum digitis credas animos quoque ſulphure tinctos.

Tranſlated,

For, as old Bards have in their Verſes ſung,
The Cambrian Hearts with Wrath are quickly ſtung,
As if their Souls, ſo wondrous prone to Ire,
Were ting'd with Brimſtone, and as ſoon took Fire.

The firſt Line is lug'd in meerly for Rhime. And again,

Sub

Sub manibus matrum ſaliere Coagula Lactis.

The Curds were ſeen to dance within the milking Pail.

That the Reader might herein have judged the better, and with the more eaſe, I would have printed as in my Former, the Latin on every oppoſite Page, but that I am inform'd ſome Laws ſince made, render ſo doing an Invaſion of another's Right; I muſt therefore deſire the Reader who has the genuine Edition of Mr. *Holdſworth's Muſcipula*, carefully to compare them together.

Had it been my good Fortune to have been known to the Author, who has juſtly got a great deal of Reputation by his Performance, or had any convenient Opportunities of making my ſelf ſo, I ſhould not at the firſt have offered to publiſh a Tranſlation without ſubmitting it to his Peruſal, and obtaining his Approbation, but as then I had not, and it is now too late, I ask his Pardon for ſuch Neglect.

That

That our Language will very well bear with this kind of Writing, which is called Mock-Heroick, is manifeſt from Dr. *Garth's Diſpenſary*, and Mr. *Ozell's* Tranſlation of *Boileau's Lutrin*. I have endeavoured the beſt I am able in this, to keep up to the Humour and Turn of that Way of Writing, which I take principally to conſiſt in raiſing the Diction, and labouring the Poetry moſt, where the Matter is loweſt, and moſt proper for Ridicule: But leaſt I ſhould put my ſelf into the ſame Light, by being over ſerious about a Trifle, and in contending for what moſt will think of no value, I ſhall only aſſure the Reader that in what I here preſent him with, I have done my beſt; and that if after all, it may be ſtill be thought that Things of this Kind are out of my Talent, I promiſe never to offend herein again, having little Leiſure or Inclination for ſuch Performances.

As Mr. *Cobb* has been before-hand with me in the Tranſlation of Mr. *Holdſworth's* Dedication, my Former (as was ſaid before)

fore) being done from a pyrated Copy, and having no Pretensions to do it better, I hope he will not take it amiss, that I make use of it here, as he has done it to my Hands.

To

To my Friend

Mr. QUINCY,

On his Translation of the MUSCIPULA.

HETHER thy Muse essays a loftier Theme,
Or of a Mouse-Trap sings and *Taffy*'s Fame;
We justly all admire Her wondrous Skill:
She's still Harmonious, and Majestick still.

Nor was it thought such little Themes to chuse,
Beneath great *Homer*'s or the *Mantuan Muse*.
In *Homer*'s Verse the *Frogs* to Battel ran,
And *Virgil* sung THE GNAT, who sung THE MAN.

Each

Each Critick may in this *Tranſlation* view,
Thy Author's Judgment and his Fancy too.
Nothing does loſe in *Engliſh* Verſe diſplay'd,
Nor TAFFY'S Oratory leſs perſwade.

In *Engliſh* thou deſcrib'ſt, and well is ſeen,
The nice Contexture of his ſmall Machine;
Of *Cheeſe* preſerv'd, with equal Strength
ſloft fell.

When by Great TAFFY'S Art the *Vermin*
fell.

How Grateful CAMBRIANS bleſs
their Hero's Name;

And his high Worth with cleaſning Shouts
proclaim.

A. S.

THE Mouse-Trap.

MUSE sing the *British* Mountaineer, who told
How first the Hostile Mouse in Lands to hold
Who first this irretricable Snare design'd,
And in an artful Trap the Thief confin'd;
And thou, oh *Phœbus*! (for old Stories tell
How by thy Art these hateful Monsters fell)
Vouchsafe the Muse some Portion of thy Skill,
And, for thy *Pindus*, chuse some *Cambrian* Hill,

Whilſt ſhe attempts the meaneſt Things to raiſe
In lofty Verſe, or whilſt in ſportive Lays,
With humbler Wing, the airy Wanton plays.

THE MOUSE, a deadly Foe! inur'd to Prey,
Wherever Appetite did prompt, would ſtray:
Unpuniſh'd, long unpuniſh'd, did he lead,
In Theft and Rapine, a licentious Trade.
From Place to Place the nimble Robber ſpeeds,
And without Fear in every Cloſet feeds,
Nothing for his deſtructive Teeth can reſt,
To every Banquet comes a conſtant Gueſt.
Him, from his Theſts, ſtrong Walls can ne'er reſtrain,
And bolted Doors are interpos'd in vain,
For when and whereſoe're he's pleas'd to ſtray,
By eating through, with Eaſe he makes his way,
And on unpurchas'd Dainties riots every Day.

But

BUT while the World this Plague did tamely bear,
CAMBRIA lamented her unequal Share,
For there moſt powerful is the Scent of Cheeſe,
Which Mice prefer to other Rarities;
Who, tho' by gentle Paces they attack,
By conſtant Nibling a ſure Entrance make,
To th' very Bowels of a Cheeſe they ſpeed,
And cloſe intrench'd in Eatables lye hid.

AT this the Nation kindles into Rage,
With various Paſſions fierceſly they engage:
They now with an impetuous Fury burn,
Deſpair and Sorrow then aſſume their Turn,
Raving they know not how to reſt, or where,
But gnaſh their Teeth, and to their Hills repair.
Such Tempers Nature on the WELCH beſtow'd,
Soon ſeiz'd with Paſſion, and with Gall o'erflow'd,

That, as their Hands betray the Brimstone Hue,
You'd think their Souls were ting'd with Sulphur too.

Urg'd thus with Indignation, 'tis decreed
On dire Revenge; the hated Foe must Bleed:
But how the wary Enemy to seize,
And for the future save their dear lov'd Cheese,
Excites, how Cares ~~Check~~ Thy Cat; oh T[illegible] gives thee no Relief,
Nor saves thy Treasure from that hungry Thief,
Tho' oft indeed in Ambuscade she lyes,
About their Holes with silent Watch she plies,
And all the Subtile Arts of Slaughter tries.
'Tis all in vain, the little Foe, secure
By being small, can strait himself immure,
And close intrench'd in Cheese defy *Grimalkin's* Power.

But

But then he dares not his Recess forsake,
Nor any hostile Depredations make,
'Till Puss decamps, and Danger disappears,
He then resumes his Courage, and forgets his Fears.

So CAMBRIA nonce (if Decency allows,
With such brave Heroes, to compare a Mouse)
With the same Cunning from the Victor fled,
When *Cæsar* o're the World his Empire spread,
The Terror of his conqu'ring Arms to shun,
Just so into their Clifts and Caves they run,
Despair of Conquest forc'd them from the Field;
But bravely still resolving not to yield,
Clos'd with their Native Rocks they lurk'd secure,
And manfully defy'd the *Roman* Pow'r.
Hence of unconquer'd Ancestors they boast,
Of Language and a Country never lost.

BUT

But since the Thief escapes from Puss's Claw,
And they small Help from that Alliance draw:
A Council's call'd i'th Borders of the Isle,
Where now St. David's rears his awful Pile,
Where he laments the mouldring Pride of Wales,
And his diminish'd Mitre with regret bewails;
Thither the Sulphur-scented Croud repair,
With Chiefs and Fathers, on this grand Affair.

A Senior then, whose mighty Beard had bred
Envy on every Goat that on his Mountains fed,
Midst of the Croud rears up his hoary Head,
And prefacing his Speech with awkward Signs,
His batter'd Trunk against a Post reclines,
(An ancient Scrubbing Post, that long had stood
T' allay the Itchings of a leprous Blood,
And much been us'd by all the Neighbourhood)

With foul hereditary Scabs o'ergrown,
From his hoarse Throat this stammering Speech begun.

'Tis not, my Friends, with foreign Foes to treat,
That in this great Assembly now we meet,
Or, by a cautious Foresight, to prepare
Against the Mischiefs of a foreign War:
'Tis an intestine Foe has been the Cause
Which hither, this prodigious Concourse draws.
How long! shall that curs'd Mouse invade our Peace,
And fearless of Repulse, thus lord it o're our Cheese?
You Venerable Bench of Fathers here,
To whom the Welfare of your Country's dear,
If any Help our Troubles can relieve,
If your wise Counsels any Help can give,
All your Assistance at this Juncture lend,
And to our fatal Mis'ries put an End.

So

So, while the Honour of *Cadwallader*,
Is held by every true born *Britton* dear,
Your Glory shall to future Times appear.

THUS said, and holding up, before their Eyes,
The mouldy Fragments of a plunder'd Cheese,
The horrid Spoil so much enrag'd the Croud,
Each honest Heart with Indignation glow'd,
And swift Destruction on the Author vow'd.
Now Thirst of Glory stimulates each Heart,
And deep Revenge now calls forth all their Art,
All emulous of Praise, the WELSHMEN strive
Some yet unheard of Mischief to contrive,
Some quaint Machine must the great End obtain,
A TRAP is conceiv'd almost in every Brain.

BUT

But one, by Name of Taff, known from the rest,
By all the greateſt Wit in Wales confeſt,
Both Smith and Senator, th' Aſſembly thus addreſs'd.

'If once our darling Cheeſe be loſt, we know
'That many Supperleſs to Bed muſt go,
'And you grave Senators, I fear, would miſs,
'The grateful Hogo's of a ſecond Diſh.
'Since *Britton*'s Valour then, nor Puss's Wile
'Cannot the ſubtile Enemy beguile;
'Without Delay, I'll to my Tools betake,
'Try what the Cunning of a Smith can make,
'I'll try what Art and Stratagem can do,
'For Force or Fraud are lawful with a Foe.

This ſaid, the gazing Croud, in ſtrange Surprize,
Throng round their Chief, and liſten with their Eyes,

All do, by turns, their new-born Hopes declare,
And joyful Murmurs fill the ambient Air,
While all with eager Expectation wait
From whence a Bleſſing ſhould proceed ſo great;
Scratching his Head (by WELCHMEN often done)
With awkward Snear he gap'd, and thus went on.

'No longer ſince laſt Night, with Toil oppreſt,
'Soon as I laid my weary Limbs to reſt,
'A daring Mouſe, as near as I can gueſs,
'Led by the Scent of undigeſted Cheeſe,
'Unfelt into my open Mouth did ſteal,
'In hopes to find a comfortable Meal,
'Nay farther ſtrove the Miſcreant to proceed,
'And fain would in my very Bowels feed,
'My Stomach would of it's laſt Meal beguile,
'And riot on the undigeſted Spoil.

But

'But waking just as his Retreat he sought,
'Between my Teeth the nimble Thief I caught.
'Now from this Hint, my Friends, I don't despair
'Forthwith some cunning Engine to prepare,
'That may just so our deadly Foe ensnare.

'How mighty *Jove* rules all things here below!
'And what Events from second Causes flow!
'This Mouse unwitting has our Safety wrought,
'And how to help the Griefs he caus'd us, taught;
'Nor will it, Fathers, lessen your Renown,
'If we the Foe for our Instructer own,
'Twas always lawful, and been often done.

As soon as TAFF had finish'd his Harangue,
Th' applauding Populace about him hang,
And to his House with joyful Clamours lead,
Wishing some great Events the Omen might succeed.

Each now to his own Home with Speed repairs,
And to his Houſe the joyful Meſſage bears,
All tell the Wonders they from TAFF expect,
And pray the Gods his Labours to direct;
Even Puſs her ſelf at the Preſage looks gay,
And in new Pleaſures ſports the Time away,
And (if loud Fame may be believ'd) 'tis ſaid
That as the Houſewife at the Cheeſe-Vat ſtaid,
Under her Hands the Curd was ſeen to ſwell,
And leaping up, it's Infant Joys did tell.

TAFFY mean while nor Sleep nor Reſt enjoy'd,
But Head and Hand at the great Work employ'd,
'Till, by the Influence of *Minerva*'s Aid,
He had with wondrous Skill a MOUSE-TRAP made:
Mighty the Work! equally ſtrange and new,
Appearing with a Tragi-comick View.

But, Muſe, go on, and, with peculiar Care,
The New-born Fabrick to deſcribe prepare,
With the firſt Traces of it's Form begin,
And carefully tell o're the whole Machine.

First, two ſquare Trenchers on each other laid,
At equal Diſtance, Top and Bottom made,
Each Side ſupported were by Iron Wire,
Juſt as ſome Houſe on Pillars does aſpire;
It's treacherous Enterance does open lye,
Boaſting a Friendly Hoſpitality,
But the deſtructive Door hangs over Head,
Suſpending Ruin by a ſlender Thread,
(For all Events the Deſtinies command,
And e'en a Mouſe's Life does on a Thread depend)
A forked Stick on th' upper Part does riſe,
On which another's plac'd in equal Poiſe,

Of

Of this one End the more you do depreſs
The more the other will the Wicket raiſe;
From this through a ſmall Hole does downward paſs
A ſlender Wier moveable and looſe,
The lower Part of which turns up again,
And forms a Hook, which does the Bait ſuſtain,
But, with a treach'rous Touch, th' other Extream
Slightly lays hold upon the tranſverſe Beam,
Which, ſoon as it perceives th' advent'rous Foe
Nibling the deadly Bait, it's Hold lets go,
Without delay lets drop the fatal Door,
And keeps the Pris'ner for Revenge ſecure.

THINGS order'd thus, TAFFY with greateſt Care
Does on the pendent Hook the Bait prepare,
And ſo contriv'd, that what the Mice beſt love,
Their darling Food, ſhould their Deſtruction prove:

But that his Cheese might make the better Treat
And prove thereby a more enticing Bait,
To toast the fatal Morsel he's intent,
And add a greater Vigour to it's Scent.

And now the memorable Night draws on,
When Taff to rest his weary Limbs lies down,
His fav'rite Trap, just by his Pillow plac'd,
And of a Guardian so secure possest,
Safely indulges the Approach of Rest.
When soon a wicked Band of Mice appear,
And, trusting to the Night, for Spoil prepare.
But one, a famous Leader of the Field,
Who in the Niceness of his Scent excell'd,
Urg'd by his evil Fate, did take his Way,
Where the well scented Cheese in Ambush lay.
The Iron Grate resists his first Attack,
But scorning a Repulse so foul to take,

His

His Smellers trys, and ſagely twirls his Chin,
And ſcours around the fortify'd Machine,
Till he at laſt his Wiſhes does obtain,
And enters —— never to return again:
With haſty Joy he ſeizes on his Prey,
And, tho' unknown, does with his Ruin play.
Rous'd from his Slumber by the falling Door,
TAFFY ſprings up and leaps upon the Floor,
Impatient yet to learn what new-come Gueſt
Had dar'd already to diſturb his Reſt.

Th' impriſon'd Mouſe ſoon kindles into Rage,
And furiouſly aſſaults his Iron Cage,
Now try'd to thruſt his Head between the Bars,
Then with unequal Teeth the Wier tears.

With the ſame Fury, ſo the *Scythian* Boar,
When taken in the Toils, moſt dreadfully does roar,

With

With the ſame Rage he ſhakes his Bonds in vain,
Sport of the Dogs and Paſtime of the Plain;
Enraged Foam all o're his Limbs he throws,
And with erected Briſtles dreadful ſhows.

SOON as the Sun had rais'd his beamy Head,
And o're the Hills his riſing Luſtre ſpread,
The CAMBRIANS hurry'd by this ſtrange Alarm,
In noiſy Tumults from their Mountains ſwarm.
An Aſs his wonted Gravity forgot,
And climbs a Hill as nimble as a Goat,
Thrice his diſtorted Chaps he there diſplay'd,
And thrice from his hoarſe Throat, like a WELCH Cryer, bray'd;
Three Times he joy'd his happy Neighbours round,
And thrice the ecchoing Hills great TAFFY'S Name reſound.
The Owl (call'd thence the WELCH Embaſſador)
As Fields and Towns that Night ſhe rambles o're,

Buffets the Windows with her deadly Wings,
And in loud Shrieks, th' approaching Funeral ſings.

The Mountains teem, and Crouds of Welch appear
From *Bangor*, *Merioneth* and *Pembroke-ſhire*,
From *Marden* (who their Wizard *Merlin* boaſt)
And cold *Gomerian* Hills, all ſtiff with Froſt,
From the rich Fields of great *Glamorgan* ſome,
And others from the Banks of *Vaga* come.

Soon as the Croud a decent Ring had made
Taffy began his Priſ'ner to upbraid,
And urging his fierce Anger, thus he ſaid,
'In vain alaſs for Liberty you try,
'For 'tis reſolv'd this Moment you ſhall die,
'And on my Altar the firſt Victim lie.
'As a Memorial of our Country's Good,
'Theſe Doors ſhall now be ſprinkled with thy Blood,

'No

'No Glimpse of Hope, vile Miscreant, now remain,
'Th' inexorable Bars thy Flight restrain,
'For thy vile Deeds thou shalt Atonement make,
'And with thy Prison too, thy Life forsake.

SCARCE this had honest TAFFY spoke, but soon
From the House-Top a nimble Cat leaps down,
Where, with extended Limbs, she often lay,
And, in the Sun shine, bask'd her Time away;
The Pris'ner seeing her, pricks up his Ears,
Raises his Back, and stiffens with his Fears,
Nor now attempts his Freedom any more,
Or dares he to approach the open Door,
But strongly does the friendly Wire embrace,
And in his Prison all his Safety place;

But from his Hold they ſhake him ſoon away,
When ſwift the watchful Cat flies on her Prey,
And in her pointed Claws faſt gripes the Thief,
Whilſt, ſtrugling in vain, he ſeeks Relief.

No Reſt's allow'd, Puſs can't her Joys conceal,
But o're the conquer'd purs, and waves her Tail,
In gentle Flexures now her Body bends,
And couchant now, the panting Prey attends;
Then with diſſembling Paws ſhe pawms him o're,
And Friendſhip feigns, altho' reſolved to devour.
Thus various Methods wantonly ſhe tries,
Revels in Blood, and ſports in Cruelties:
But tir'd at length with trifling Time away,
Her kindling Anger brooks no longer Stay,
But, like a hungry Lion, cloſes with her Prey;

A surly Growl the dire Resolve portends,
Without Remorse, his reeking Bowels rends,
With mangled Limbs the dreadful Conflict ends.

No sooner did the long expecting Crowd
See the Diffusion of the hated Blood,
But joyful Clamours o're the Mountains rise,
And Peals of hideous Shoutings reach the Skies,
Echo (who keeps in *Wales* her antient Seat)
Does the Huzza's from Hill to Hill repeat.
To distant Borders bears the mighty Sound,
And beats the joyful Replications round;
Brechin and *Snowdon*, and *Pleinlimons* Hill
Ring with the Sound, and propagate it still,
'Till neighb'ring Shores hear the stupendous Voice,
And *Offa*'s Ditch resounds the dreadful Noise.

THY Works, oh TAFFY! are secure to Fame,
And still thy Country celebrates thy Name:

Ost

Oft as the Sun brings round the circling Year
She ſtill remembers thee, her great Deliverer;
Yearly her Sons their Country's Glory ſpeak,
And bind their Temples with a verdant Leek.

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